
THE
LADIES'
MONTHLY MUSEUM.

MARCH, 1821.

MISS SEWARD.

THERE are few females who hold so high a place in the annals of literature, as the fair object of our present sketch. Eminently gifted by nature with personal and mental endowments, a finished education rendered Anna Seward an ornament to her sex in point of erudition; and her fame is justly and lastingly recorded by some of the first authors belonging to the United Kingdom.

Miss Seward's father was the Rev. Thomas Seward, Rector of Eyam, in Derbyshire, Prebendary of Salisbury, and Canon Residentiary of Litchfield. He married Miss Elizabeth Hunter, daughter of Mr. Hunter, the head master of the school at Litchfield, and preceptor to the immortal Johnson. Miss Seward was born in the second year of her father's marriage, in 1747. She had several sisters and one brother; but none survived the period of infancy, except her sister Sarah, whose loss her parents had to lament at a more interesting period of existence; and of this sister Miss Seward speaks most affectionately in her correspondence.

Anna Seward very early displayed a turn for poetry, and formed her style on that of those divine poets, Shakspeare and Milton; but born to an independent fortune, she was not at first much encouraged in the cultivation of her literary talents. Her mother was an excellent woman, but had

no taste whatever for her daughter's favorite amusements; and even Mr. Seward set his face against them, fearing that they might injure his Anna's health.

Miss Seward's life, though a retired, was never an idle, nor an inactive one; on her parents' prohibition of poetry, she gave herself up to ornamental needlework, in which she excelled; and nearly ten years elapsed while she was sacrificing her poetic enthusiasm to the will of her parents, with all the ardour of a romantic mind. In 1764, she lost her sister Sarah, when she made that loss the subject of an elegy, which forms the first article of her poems.

Miss Seward soon after became acquainted with Lady Millar, who instituted a poetical association at Bath Easton; and in this select society, Miss Seward gained courage to commit some of her essays to the press; and while her fame increased, she extended her acquaintance amongst the most eminent literary characters. And here we take pride in remarking that she was an entire stranger to that paltry jealousy which is too often found in the literary world; she loved and admired genius wherever she found it, and was always ready with her advice, her encouragement, and her purse, to assist the timid and indigent author. In friendship she was an enthusiast; and as a daughter, her duty and affection might be said to be unrivalled.

In the year 1780, she lost her mother; an event which affected Mr. Seward so much, that he was ever after subject to apoplectic and paralytic affections. For ten years Anna watched over the health of her remaining parent with the kindest attention and tenderness, of which when she found him sensible, as his life drew near its close, she expresses herself in her familiar correspondence, as amply repaid for all her cares and anxieties. In 1790, the scene closed, and Miss Seward was left in possession of that easy fortune which enabled her still to reside in the Bishop's Palace, which had long been her father's dwelling, and which she continued to inhabit till the day of her death.

As our limits will not allow us to follow Miss Seward through her literary career, and as that is already well known to an admiring public, we have now only to record her domestic life, that age, with its usual attendants, de-

clining health and the loss of friends, was now hastily approaching; her literary and poetical talents still, however, remaining unabated.

When young, Miss Seward was very beautiful; even in age, the fire of her eyes and the expression of her countenance gave her still the appearance of beauty, and almost of youth. Her eyes were a light hazel, exactly the colour of her hair, which was a bright auburn. When she recited any thing, by which she was peculiarly animated, they assumed a darker hue, and seemed, as it were, to shoot forth rays of scintillating fire. Her tone of voice was melodious, well suited to reading and recitation, in which she was fond of exercising it; she did not, however, sing, nor was she a great proficient in music, though passionately fond of it; but this might arise from her having begun to learn it at a later period in life than is usual. Her stature was tall, and her form naturally elegant; but having in the year 1768, broken the patella of her knee by a fall, she walked lame, and that with pain and difficulty, which increased with the pressure of years.

The society of this admirable woman was always delightful, because she entered into every topic with all the vivacity and energy of youth.

For a year or two preceding 1807, Miss Seward had been occasionally engaged in arranging and preparing for the press, the edition of her poems which has since been given to the public. The volumes, it is probable, would sooner have gone to press, had her health permitted her to superintend their progress; but her constitution had been infirm for several years, and was rapidly declining. In the autumn of 1807, she was attacked by an irritating scorbutic disorder, which banished sleep, and rendered her waking hours insupportable. A lethargic disorder followed, and on Thursday the 23d of March, 1809, she was seized with a universal stupor, which continued until the 25th, when she expired at six o'clock in the evening.

MARRIAGE;

A TALE.

The world was all before them, where to choose
Their place of rest, and Providence their guide.

MILTON.

LATE in the evening, Lord Edward again called upon Agnes, who immediately informed him of the step she had taken, and of the promise that Sir William had given her. His lordship received the intelligence with heightened color, while the variations of his countenance evinced how deeply he was affected. "Can a De Courcy," murmured he to himself, "thus have humiliated himself? Can a brother of mine have thus proved himself unworthy of such a friend and such a wife? Oh! how can guilt degrade the noblest name, and sink the proudest honors in the dust! Let not the successful votary of passion exult, for he who writhes beneath the sting of his accursed arts, is yet more enviable and more dignified than he; the deceived is at least pitiable, but the deceiver is detestable indeed." When the irritability of his feelings had in some degree subsided, he entered into a long conversation with Agnes respecting her husband's affairs; when it was at last finally settled, that she should leave her children in the care of Lady Crawford; and, rejoining De Courcy, they should repair to the Continent, where they should reside on the moderate allowance which alone could be made, till they could return perfectly unembarrassed in their circumstances. "This," said his lordship, "with proper regard to those principles of prudence and self-denial which you, Agnes, so eminently possess, but which you will have to teach your husband, I hope may be effected in the course of three years. I am too well aware that you will have many privations to endure, but to this temporary banishment you must have submitted, even if it had not been for Arthur's recent disgraceful conduct; as it is, the unexpected generosity of Sir William certainly saves him from utter ruin, and holds out a prospect of your speedy reunion with your chil-

dren. I must, however, hasten your departure from London, lest your intention should get wind, and by that means your present hopes should be frustrated, which is far from improbable, if once the persons, in whose power he has placed himself, should suspect your resolution." "Give but the word," replied Agnes, firmly, "and I will obey you immediately; my mind is fully prepared for every thing you propose, and self is from this moment banished from my heart. The sooner, indeed, the dreaded event takes place, the greater distress it will save me, for I shall part with my darlings every instant until the moment in reality arrive."

Conscious of the trial that awaited her, she never allowed her mind to dwell on the approaching separation; but actively employing herself in making the different arrangements that were necessary for her intended journey, she endeavoured to banish the recollection that oppressed her. To describe, however, the sensation that filled her heart when the servant announced that "all was ready," would be impossible. They only who have experienced the agony of such a moment, and who have listened with sinking heart to every step and to every sound, and read in each the consummation of distress, can understand the nature of her feelings; the before pallid hue of her cheek faded to a death-like paleness; but instantly rising, and apparently calm and collected, she prepared to obey the summons. After repeating a few earnest injunctions to Lady Crawford, she placed her children in her arms, and fervently committing them to the protection of Heaven, and to her friendly care, she bestowed one fond embrace upon them; but fearful of trusting to the indulgence of her emotions, she gave her hand to Lord Edward, who less composed than herself, conducted her to her carriage. "God bless you!" he energetically exclaimed, and drawing his hand hastily over his eyes, he quickly re-entered the house, internally execrating the ill-conduct of him who had made such a sacrifice necessary.

In a few hours, Agnes reached the appointed place of meeting, where De Courcy received her with every demonstration of affection, but with those upbraidings of conscience that for a time converted the pleasure of her presence into the severest pain. Aware of what she must have

suffered, in her recent separation from the objects of her tenderest regard, and unable as unwilling to make any enquiries respecting what had passed, he, in as gentle a manner as possible, sought to turn her attention entirely from the subject, and then carefully informed her, that the vessel he had engaged to convey them to the coast of France was expected to sail in the course of the evening. This intelligence, which he, at first, feared would have added to her uneasiness, she received with declared satisfaction, for she trusted that the darkness of the night would spare her many painful sensations that she should otherwise encounter. The wind, however, which was before favorable, suddenly shifted when they had been on board about an hour, and the morning dawned long before they had performed a quarter of their voyage. Seated on the deck, with her hand clasped in De Courcy's, she endeavoured to support a conversation with him, whilst her eyes instinctively sought the receding shore. The day was extremely cloudy, but the earnestness of her gaze seemed to pierce through the surrounding mists; she, however, made no observation that might betray the subject of her thoughts; but De Courcy read in her varying countenance the emotions that struggled at her heart, while his own more than answered the agony of her's. He had resolved upon putting into a distant port in the West of France, and the gale now wafted them swiftly forward; the white cliffs of England were now scarcely visible; now again they appeared more clearly, and now they were lost entirely. With a deep sigh, Agnes sunk on his bosom apparently lifeless. In the utmost alarm, he called for assistance; but gradually recovering herself, she looked up at him, and pressing her hand to her lips, she murmured, "Forgive me; this was a woman's weakness; but it shall obtrude no more: henceforth I am all your own," and leaning her head upon his bosom, for a few moments she allowed her tears to relieve the overcharged emotions of her heart; then rousing herself with determined resolution, the placid smile of affection again rested on her beautiful mouth, and De Courcy, indeed, read, that the mother was, for the present, lost in the wife.

Having landed in safety, and remained a sufficient time at L—, to recover from the effects of their voyage, De

Courcy's next step was to seek out a residence that would suit their views. This in a few days, he succeeded in finding; and in the romantic and beautiful village of N—, the pair fixed their retreat. Nothing could be more delightful than the spot they had selected, nor could any thing exceed the kindness and attention of De Courcy; return of peace again restored the bloom of Agnes' cheek, and, but for that deprivation for which nothing could altogether compensate, and which still filled her bosom with the sickening feel of sorrow, she was happier than she had been for a considerable time.

Nearly two years passed away without producing any incident worth recording. In this time, however, De Courcy had many opportunities of beholding the character of his lovely wife to greater perfection than he ever had done when surrounded by affluence and admiring friends, and of proving the truth that talents may adorn society, but virtue only can give permanency to its enjoyments. With the renunciation of splendour, Agnes had also renounced its ideas; and conforming herself entirely to her present situation, she, who had so lately shone the wonder and admiration both of the discerning and the vain, was now not ashamed to appear in the simple garb that became her fortune, and to employ herself in the active management of her little household. Cheerful though not gay, gentle yet animated, and simple, though dignified in her manner, the halo of peace seemed to encircle her, and to shed its influence wherever she was seen. Severe only to herself, and early habituated to the strictest rules of self-denial, she appeared only to live for others, and De Courcy still felt himself surrounded, not only with the comforts, but even many of the luxuries, of life; for where numbers would have experienced a difficulty in supporting themselves with honor, Agnes found enough to charm their solitude, and to assist the indigent but amiable inhabitants of the village, by whom, in return, she was almost idolized. With De Courcy himself the case was different; independant of the bitter reflections that frequently obtruded themselves, and poisoned his present joys, he was far less calculated for solitude than Agnes—more selfish in his gratifications, he necessarily depended upon others for those pleasures which she found in her own mind; and dis-

appointed of them, he sometimes secretly heaved a sigh for those delights which society alone could give. Poverty also had many mortifications for him, for accustomed to the indulgence of all his inclinations, he frequently experienced hardships where Agnes felt only useful restrictions; while profuse in his generosity, the gentle remonstrances of his wife were often of no avail, for rather than live unnoticed, he was content to purchase popularity even among the uncultivated natives of N——.

He usually spent his mornings in fishing or shooting, for he had excellent opportunities of pursuing both these amusements; and on these occasions, it was common for him to repair to the ruins of a chateau that stood on the borders of a luxurious wood that skirted the village, and by which an arm of the Loire ran, and there enjoy the refreshment that the affectionate care of Agnes provided for him. With a view of proceeding further up the wood, he had one day unburthened himself of the game he had previously killed, and deposited it in a niche of the wall, intending to call for it on his return in the evening. This he accordingly did, and was just leaving the spot, when he was startled by the appearance of a young and beautiful girl, who hastily ran to meet him; but apparently disappointed in her expectation, she immediately, upon recognizing a stranger, fled with rapidity into the interior of the ruin. The spirit of adventure was never dormant in the breast of De Courcy, and he instantly pursued the fugitive, conjuring her at the same time to dismiss her fears: he soon overtook her, for breathless and apparently sinking with apprehension, she paused at the entrance of a long corridor that communicated with the least ruinous part of the building, and instantly approaching her, he, in the most soothing terms, begged of her to be composed. "Now I see," she returned, with all the *naïveté* and freedom peculiar to a Frenchwoman, "who it is that has thus terrified me, my courage returns, and I blush for my folly; for I am sure I am too well skilled in physiognomy to entertain justly a fear of you: but—how you have alarmed me!" De Courcy was at no loss to return the compliment; and then begged to know if he might not attend her to her residence, which he supposed was not far distant.

"My residence is among these towers and halls," she replied laughing, "and their ancient inhabitants, the rooks and bats; and now it is your turn to be alarmed; for take care that I do not prove an enchantress of the wood, and transform you, by my power, into some prowling monster, or confine you in adamantine chains to linger out a weary life in these dungeons."

"Transform me into what you please, or confine me as you will," cried De Courcy, more and more delighted with her manner, "I will brave your arts, and abide the danger: but is it possible that you reside here?"

"Not only possible," she replied, "but true; nor is it less certain that I have seen you almost every day for this last month; but if chance had not favored you, you would probably for ever have remained ignorant of the Sylph who so frequently observed your steps; but I am not here alone," she continued in a graver tone, "my dear and only brother is the companion of my solitude, or rather I am his; but I am not at liberty to reveal the circumstances that attend our seclusion without his permission; and now," said she, resuming her former sprightliness, "it is time for you to be gone; the evening shades are increasing fast, and I begin to be impatient for my brother's return, and shall again seek him; this was my errand when I mistook you for him."

"You will allow me then to accompany you," returned De Courcy.

"Till the path divides," she replied, "most willingly; and to-morrow when I see you——"

"Then you will permit me to see you to-morrow," interrupted De Courcy, hastily.

"Certainly, if you please; since you have penetrated our retreat, like a true chevalier, you must pursue your adventure, I suppose; but come along, or it will be quite dark."

De Courcy obeyed, and in a few minutes they reached the spot she had mentioned, where bidding him adieu, she left him to pursue his way, lost in the conjectures which her appearance had given rise to.

(To be continued.)

HUGH DODDS.

(Continued from page 76.)

FINDING his reports of the unprofitableness of an attorney's clerk corroborated by the testimony of his companions, a conviction that what all affirmed must be true, gradually got possession of my mind, and I drooped at the thoughts of my bad prospects in London, and at the distance I was stationed from my beloved native village. I had no dread, however, of immediate starvation, for I had had sent me twenty-one linen shirts, valued by my mother at a guinea each; and as I had read kindly public intimations by innumerable pawnbrokers of their willingness to advance money on goods, I had no doubt that the contents of my trunk would raise as much as would procure me ten or a dozen week's maintenance.

It was Saturday evening, and my hostess's accounts for two weeks were served up with the buttered toast for the afternoon's tea. They amounted in all to fifty shillings; and this I told her would be paid at supper. I thought there would be little difficulty in raising ten shillings on what so honest a woman as my mother had valued at a guinea; so in order to defray the charge, and leave myself ten shillings over, I bundled up six good shirts, and was instantly at a pawnbroker's.

He was a little, lean, long-nosed, dark, hollow-eyed gentleman, and on hearing my request, he professed the height of astonishment. "Three pounds," cried he, "on articles which when new, would cost no more than fifty shillings! a moderate request." I told him they were worth a guinea each, and had been valued at that sum. At this he gave a jeering laugh, and cried, "O ho! my young gentleman, such a story may, perhaps, do very well to be told to a Cumberland booby, but if you would expect to blind the eyes of old Peter Rivers, mould a better. However," added he, "this is our first meeting, and as I should be glad to transact with you in future, I shall at this time stretch a point, and advance you upon the whole twelve shillings sterling."

Without having the civility to open my mouth in thanks for his offer, I answered him with a laugh similar to his own, and adjusting my parcel, left the shop. When I was gone about twenty yards, he came running after me, and said, that as he was still desirous we should bargain, he would advance his offer three-pence upon each shirt. My indignation still continuing, I ordered him pretty sharply to move off; and then giving a loud laugh, he cried with an insulting voice, "Better, my young lad, accept the offer, than want your supper and night's lodging."

He pronounced these words in a tone that attracted the attention of the passengers, and I had instantly a dozen fingers pointed at my face, and as many voices calling after me, "A starved dandy pawning his shirts for his supper."

I went to the pawnshop of a second, third, fourth, and fifth, and finding that their offers were in favour of the honesty of Peter Rivers, I accepted thirteen shillings and six-pence for the six shirts already mentioned, and went home to my lodgings, and then carried from thence to the broker's the remaining fifteen. Over and above the sum raised on these articles, I had a few shillings in my pocket, so that I was enabled to satisfy the whole arrear due to my hostess.

I knew that I had not in my possession as many clothes as would raise other fifty shillings at the broker's, so I shuddered at the thoughts of being forced to encounter hunger in the short space of ten or a dozen days.

Through the greater part of the forenoons, I now strolled about from one street to another, endeavouring to amuse myself with the decorations of shop-windows, or the peculiarities of passengers; and I had at least this consolation—that if I was gaining no money, I was wearied with no labour.

The Westminster election had commenced, and I was anxious to be an eye-witness to a scene which I had so frequently heard described. I accordingly repaired to the front of the hustings, at St. Paul's, Covent-Garden, sometime before the hour when the candidates were to make their appearance; and here I met with enough, if not to raise my spirits, at least to occupy my attention. Were I inclined for vocal music, I, on this side, heard the praises of his present Majesty resounded by an old, wooden-limbed sailor and his

wife, whose voices had received additional force from a morning draught of gin. Did I prefer instrumental, on an opposite side stood a black, playing on an organ, which while it conveyed melody to the ear, arrested the wanderings of the eye by the qualifications of a brace of monkeys placed on its top, dressed in grass green, long-tailed coats, white waistcoats, red breeches, and black stockings, and which exhibited to the company tricks nowise indicative of the good morality of their master. Did I desire the improvement of the intellect, there was delivering at my back a sermon on the sinfulness of sin, by a converted Jew, who about six weeks before had failed as a pawnbroker in Wapping, and who, while he was endeavouring to inculcate the principles of religion in the minds of the inattentive mob, was, with hat in hand, aiming at the improvement of his own finances; and were I inclined for the grosser delights of the palate, I had sufficiency of provision offered for satisfying it by some, who, carrying baskets filled with mutton-pies, declared to the public their resolution of selling them two a penny, to make an end of them; or by others, who were trundling about wheelbarrows, filled with confectionaries, and all the variety of the gingerbread, from the plain cake, and the cake covered with the alphabet, to the more complex form of the Highlander equipped in his philibeg and bonnet, and armed with his dirk and broad-sword.

Amidst the multitude of salesmen, I was particularly pleased with the appearance of a little grey-headed, sharp-eyed, good-humoured, hump-backed, and bandy-legged man, who habited in a green-velvet coat and waistcoat, brown kerseymere breeches, and clean white cotton stockings, was in company with his son, a youth of fourteen, wheeling about, in a brisk, and business-like manner, a little, blue-painted wheelbarrow, which contained a large assortment of oranges, and a hot plum-pudding of considerable magnitude. For a penny slice of this last-mentioned article, he met with a petition at my right-hand, and the vehicle was stopped that the intending purchaser might be supplied.

'Happening now to turn my eyes particularly to the owner, I observed him surveying me with the keenest scrutiny; and as he soon afterwards passed his machine in front of me, either four or five times, more, I began to apprehend, for an

opportunity to renew his gaze, than on account of any superior demand for his articles in my quarter of the assemblage. Every new look he gave me increased my uneasiness. I had often heard of the pick-pocket traffic carried on at the Westminster elections, and I suspected he might be one of the fraternity following that occupation, and that judging I was a raw, country lad, he had a malevolent design on my old watch, or pocket-handkerchief; and at another time, I had fears that he observed in me a resemblance to some advertised delinquent, and that from an eagerness to be master of the reward offered for his apprehension, he meant, in the course of a few seconds, to have half-a-dozen of the gentlemen of Bow-street, ready to hurry me off to lodgings, to which even the prospect of house-room rent free, and of cheap maintenance, was unable to give me a very warm affection. Several of the mob observing the old fellow's conduct, joined with him in the gaze; and quite vexed, and in order to avoid harm, or further impertinence, I stole from the middle of them as slily as I could, and entering the piazza beside the theatre, commenced examining the contents of a bookseller's window. I had lounged here for five or six minutes only, when the much-loathed wheelbarrow with its old owner and his son, again made their appearance, and the old man, slapping me on the shoulder with his hand, addressed me as follows—"Well, my young lad," said he, "I see you are from the country, and if I have skill in physiognomy (which all my acquaintances pay me the compliment to say I have) thy name is Dodds, and thou art the son of Matthew Dodds, tailor, in the village of ———, near Liverpool, a man with whom I spent many happy days in my youth, and with whom I for some years stood in the same class at school. I know that such a youth is in town; I know too something of his circumstances, and I now expect to hear thee confess that thou art he." On answering that I was third son to the person alluded to, and telling him that I was curious to learn the origin of his knowledge, he shook me warmly by the hand, welcomed me to London, and said that he was a strange fellow, and found out many things of which people never once suspected he knew any thing; that his knowledge of me might no doubt appear to me a little mysterious, but that

time would, perhaps, make it clearer; and that if I would stroll about for forty minutes, or three-quarters of an hour, he would endeavour by that time to finish the business he had on hand, and would then return, and inform me of something probably to my advantage. He then slapped me again on the shoulder, and cried out, "Cheer up, my lad! *fortuna favet fortibus*—while there is life, there is hope. Set a stout heart (as a Caledonian would say) to a stey brae; a faint heart never gained a fair lady. Think on Whittington and his cat—Whittington and his cat for ever—huzza!" And then seizing the handle of his wheelbarrow, and finishing his string of admonitions and philosophical sentiments, by raising the more business-like cry of "Plum-pudding all hot, a penny a slice—a penny a slice!" he drove with his accompaniments into the middle of the throng, and was out of the reach of my vision in a moment.

In forty minutes he returned, and desiring me to follow him, proceeded along the Strand and Fleet-street. On reaching at last an alley about half a mile below St. Paul's Cathedral, he stopped at a mean door, situated at the middle of it. "And here, my lad," said he, "let us enter for a few minutes."

The poor and dismal appearance of the outside of the house made me form no very favorable conjectures of what might be within; and I now first began to wonder why, when my father had so well informed me of the cunningness of London sharpers, I should have been bold enough, or stupid enough, to come thither with a perfect stranger, however frank in his manners and offers, or prepossessing in his conversation. I felt for a moment a slight inclination to bid him "Good bye," but the recollection that I had no money to lose provided I did follow him, combined with the idea that, although he was a sharper, he would scarcely think of harming one, whom he would find on examination little better than a beggar, and with the hopes of hearing something to my advantage, induced me lay aside my feelings of timidity, and prompted me to follow him. The interior corresponded well enough with what I yet knew of the business of its master. In one side stood an oven; in another a baking-board, and a bag or two of flour in the middle; a long sitting bench, and in the end next the

door a large black chest. These formed the contents of the apartment. Opening the trunk, he brought to light a suit of black clothes worthy of a Lord Mayor. "And now, Hugh Dodds," said he, "be surprised at nothing thou beholdest." He then threw off his coat and waistcoat, and at this time the protuberance which sate so conspicuously between his shoulders, and for the existence of which I had blamed the maliciousness of nature, tumbled from its elevated situation, and falling on the floor, discovered itself to be a large globular bundle of wool carefully ingirt with a sufficient quantity of stout hempen packing threads. On removal of his stocking, the excrescences in front of his limbs also fell off spontaneously; and after having carefully deposited the deceits in his chest, he decorated himself in the black suit already mentioned, and appeared before me as compactly formed and as genteel a looking gentleman as I had ever before witnessed. "Now," said he, "Hugh, this is only my place of business; let us remove to my dwelling-house." He then led me out of the apartment by a door which opened into a genteel street, and soon reaching the Royal Exchange, we from thence directed our course westward. He now desired me to relate the whole of my history, adding, that he only knew it in part, and I complied with his request as accurately as I was able. He carefully, however, avoided mentioning any thing either of himself, his circumstances, or his family, and I thought he would as yet consider me too forward to make enquiries on such subjects. He entertained me with the city politics, and the general news of the day, and you may rest assured, that I had no little curiosity in my mind relative to this strange and mysterious personage. But my astonishment was doubly increased, when, after having walked three or four miles, he stopped at an elegant house in ——— street, and when after ringing the bell of the door, which was opened by a clean-looking maid-servant, he desired me to enter, and ushered me into a richly furnished room, introduced me to his wife and three daughters, who had every appearance of gentility and of easy circumstances, and who were superintending a footman covering their dinner table with commodities of a substantial and even expensive nature.

(To be concluded in our next.)

CHARACTER OF CHARLES EASY.

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A SKETCH FROM REAL LIFE.
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At the hospitable mansion of Mrs. Worthy, about three miles west of London, may be often seen the very model of that character which was represented about two years ago, at one of the Parisian theatres, under the title of Monsieur Sans-Gêne.

Charles Easy always contrives to arrive exactly at the hour when this amiable widow lady and a few friends are, perhaps, sitting down to dinner, or just when the servant enters the drawing-room to tell his mistress that dinner is served up. Easy gives his hand to the lady of the house, and takes himself the best seat at table; for he seizes in the twinkling of an eye that post from whence it is easiest to obtain the most delicate dishes, and the most exquisite wine: he then makes himself welcome by taking a great deal of trouble off the lady's hands, by performing the honors of the table: he sends a piece of *sole* to Miss Lovely, accompanied by a wretched pun; in the same manner he will offer Lady Paragon at the desert a *nonsuch* apple, or a *nonpareil*, with the same attempt at wit on the affinity they bear to her name. He speaks whatever comes uppermost, relates a string of anecdotes, most of them from the scandalous Chronicle, makes the young ladies blush, and then makes bad worse by the apologies he offers; talks politics, and compromises two or three of the guests by heedless personalities: at length, having eaten and talked incessantly, he moves his chair, and the gentlemen mechanically follow him into the drawing-room.

When the servant is handing round the tea and coffee, he is employed in lifting up his voice against cards, and says, "Let us make haste; and as soon as this regale is over, let us off to the music-room." He then turns to the footman, and with the air of a master, says, "Are the candles lighted?" The card-tables are all set in an adjoining room, but Mr. Easy is again mechanically followed; he

opens the piano-forte, and tells the overjoyed young folks they shall have a dance. He takes out his violin, which he always carries with him, and on which, it must be confessed, he plays uncommonly well: he has singled out an humble friend of Lady Paragon's to play the piano-forte, who, complaisant and modest, plays waltzes for her young companions, but never waltzes herself.

But the gentleman-fiddler is fatigued; he calls for negus and lemonade, and they are immediately handed round. The hour of midnight has struck, yet the party, who were invited to stay over night, are in the midst of an elegant supper; Mr. Easy alone is missing, and he has been in bed near an hour. Though the servant shewed him the room he was to occupy as soon as he arrived, yet Charles has strolled into the first bed-chamber he found open, and which happens precisely to be that of the lady of the house: when she enters it, her surprise may be easily imagined; not very well pleased, she is obliged to go and sleep elsewhere. While every one is in the arms of Morpheus, Mr. Easy gets up, having no longer any inclination to sleep, and there he is by break of day, tuning his violin, and struggling for precedence with all the larks, blackbirds, and thrushes of this delightful spot. He soon after makes a louder noise in putting on his boots and spurs, and as he descends the stairs, he is singing, "Oh! say not woman's love is bought," or "Auld lang syne." The servants, obliged to be at their several posts, curse him from their very hearts; and the ladies murmur as they in vain essay to regain the sleep from which they have been thoroughly awakened: but he, armed with a double-barrelled gun, is on the lawn beneath the windows, and is amusing himself with shooting at the sparrows.

As he intends to return to town early in the morning, he is sure to be the first at the breakfast-table, and while a few stragglers have remained behind, and have but just made their appearance, he has eaten two or three new-laid eggs and half the toast and muffins.

The lady of the house does not feel pleased, but she does not like to appear out of humour before her guests: he seizes her hand and presses it to his lips, contrives to touch the beau-

ful white shoulder of Miss Lovely, but half concealed by her thin muslin morning dress; and whispers to a gentleman loud enough for her to hear, "What an adorable creature! Would to heaven I had a kingdom to lay at her feet!"

He is like Tom Jones, not so much in love as to suffer it to take away his appetite; he draws a delicious ham towards him, and dispatches slice after slice; he takes a number of little savoury articles, praises the cook; and hearing a major in the Guards, who came in his own chariot, tell his wife it is come for them, he says, "Do, my dear major, suffer me to be of your party; I sent away my gig, and never thought of ordering it to come for me." "My good sir," says the major, "I am truly sorry, but my carriage is only a chariot, and my wife has my little son with her, and I must reserve a place for the nurse." "Oh! make no apologies; the dickey will do for me: I can make myself comfortable any where." The major is a polite man, he bows assent, and motions to Mr. Easy to take his seat in the carriage, which, after a faint refusal, he accepts, and the major sits on the dickey; the nurse is seated on the other side of her mistress, whose child is in her lap. The road is not long; but Charles Easy, who is as plump as all those who care only for themselves, has been squeezed so close against the major's lady, that she is ready to faint: he declares he is sorry he has so inconvenienced her; however, he is possessed of the most consummate assurance, puts himself out his way for no one, and whatever he wishes to do, that he does: if he obtains what he desires, he asks no more; and he never troubles himself about the consequences.

S****.

THE SPIRIT OF HISTORY;

OR,

Historical Essays

ON GREAT EVENTS RESULTING FROM MINUTE CAUSES.

(Continued from page 86.)

The boldness with which wine inspired a shoemaker at Genoa, occasioned the Government of that Republic to be changed.

ALL republics have been torn by civil wars; ambition hath ever kindled discord therein. In the history of those states, we see continually the nobles assuming more than their rights, and by their injustice exhausting the patience of the people, who arming themselves at the instigation of an ambitious person, and guided by rage alone, brave the laws, and commit the most terrible disorders.

Genoa was not exempt from these evils; we meet with nothing in the writers who have transmitted its history but troubles and calamities: it is a chain of revolutions. Towards the middle of the fourteenth century, the people, impatient under the tyranny of the nobility, murmured. There were some among them who sacrificed the welfare and tranquillity of the public to their ambition and interest; they took advantage of the discontent of the populace, and irritated them by seditious discourses: the people took up arms; and the nobility, to avoid the blows with which they were threatened, promised to grant whatever should be demanded of them.

The populace were desirous that an Abbé of the people should be elected: his office was to sustain the interests and liberties of the community and to counterbalance in a great measure, the authority of the captains, who were then the magistrates of the republic.

An assembly was accordingly held for the election of an Abbé of the people. Vast numbers went to the place of meeting, and every one gave his voice; but as they all spoke at once, nobody was understood. The tumult increased, the people began to grow warm, and were ready to proceed to

blows, when a shoemaker, who at that instant was just come from a drinking-house, passing by the assembly, mixed among the crowd, and, getting upon a little eminence that fell in his way, being emboldened by the fumes of wine, he bawled out as loud as he was able, "Fellow citizens, will you hearken to me." This invocation struck their ears, and immediately all eyes were fixed on him; and the Genoese, who were about to tear each other to pieces, all joined in a hearty laugh. Some bade him hold his peace, others encouraged him to speak on; and others again threw dirt at him; all laughed. This orator without being in the least disconcerted, said, "I think myself obliged to tell you, that you ought to nominate to the dignity of Abbé of the people, an honest man; and I know of none more so, than Simon Boccanegra; you ought to appoint him."

Simon Boccanegra was a perfectly honest man, the amiableness of his character, his generosity, and many other virtues, had procured him the love and esteem both of the nobility and commonality. He was of one of the principal families among the citizens, and his relations had filled, with universal applause, the dignities of the republic. The person who first occupied the place of Captain of the people, was one of his ancestors.

In short, his merit occasioned them to pay attention to the shoemaker's harangue. The name of Boccanegra became the general cry, every one insisted on his being elected Abbé of the people, and they presented him the sword, which was the mark of dignity; but he returned it, saying, that he thanked the people for the good-will they had shewn him, and that as none of his ancestors had been Abbé of the people, he would not be the first who should introduce that office into his family. He was willing to avail himself of the humour into which he found the speech of the shoemaker had thrown the people, to attain the lead in the republic.

The people, who are seldom moderate in their affection, any more than their hatred, immediately cried out, "Boccanegra, Lord of Genoa." This artful, ambitious man said, that he was ready to submit to the will of the people, to be Abbé, or Lord, according as they should ordain. This feigned humility pleased them, as he expected; they re-

peated, "Lord Boccanegra!" and he was proclaimed perpetual Doge. So that the speech of a drunken shoemaker occasioned the government of Genoa to be transmitted from nobles to the people, and a single man to become sole master in the state.

He did not abuse his power: ever watchful of the public tranquillity, he made a proper use of indulgence and severity. His prudence made him respected and esteemed. Seditions were appeased; the Genoese, quiet at home, were able to repel the attacks of the enemies of the state, and to make themselves feared by all their neighbours.

Notwithstanding his virtues, the Doge could not give satisfaction to those minds, who never finding any thing to be pleased with, abuse all; they publicly blamed his conduct, accused him of ambition, and were perpetually forming conspiracies against him. Boccanegra, tranquil in the midst of these storms, knew how to make himself feared by those whose love he could not obtain. At length, satiated with honors, like another Sylla, he abdicated; and in leaving to another the vacant place, he left him, at the same time, a fine example of moderation.

The sale of a considerable estate in Wales occasions Edward II. King of England, to be dethroned, and assassinated in a prison, in the year 1335.

Edward II. the weakest of kings, granted honors and dignities only to young persons who purchased them by the most odious of all compliances. Hugh Spenser, a young man of comely person and good natural talents, had the meanness to mix among them, and had the deplorable advantage of having the preference over all his rivals. Being the worst of the favorites, he was the most powerful. He was so entirely master of the will of the monarch, that he made him execute every thing he pleased.

This favorite had the imprudence common to those who rise from nothing to the pinnacle of greatness. Far from making friends, who by their influence might prevent the designs formed against him, he drew upon himself by his arrogance, the hatred of the whole English nation; every one reproached him, and nobody owed him any good-will. The respect due to the monarch long smothered this general

discontent; but his insatiable avidity made it burst out at last. A nobleman having put up one of his estates for sale, several persons of rank offered to purchase it. The favorite, instead of leaving them to wrangle amongst themselves, and profiting from their strife, made them all unite against him: he engaged the king, whom he ruled entirely, to procure him the preference.

All these noblemen being greatly provoked, went to the Earl of Lancaster, and related to him what Spenser had done. This earl had long been seeking for an opportunity to destroy the favorite, from whom he had received the grossest affronts. That opportunity now offered: the singularity of the affair will make the digression excusable.

The Earl of Lancaster had married the heiress of Lincoln, who brought him a very considerable portion. This woman, through one of those fantastical humours, which though pretty frequent, are nevertheless amazing, loved a gentleman named Saint Martin, of middling extraction, hunch-backed and lame. This deformed man inspired the Countess of Lancaster with so violent a passion, that she consented to leave her husband to follow him. The earl, hitherto unacquainted with the cause of his wife's extraordinary resolution, was greatly surprised; but the more so, when he saw the cripple, and heard him demand his wife's fortune, pretending to have married her, and to have consummated the nuptials, before she was contracted to the earl. The nature of the affair, the rank which the Earl of Lancaster held in England, must doubtless have crushed this piece of deformity; but he would not have carried his assurance to such a length, if he had not depended on the protection of Spenser, who, by his power, thought to have gained him his suit. Justice, however, was rendered to the earl, who, contented with keeping the large fortune which his wife had brought him, abandoned her to her depravities, disdaining to pursue and punish so contemptible a woman.

The Earl of Lancaster, therefore, joyfully seized this opportunity of revenge. He infused his indignation into the hearts of all those who were about him, and giving way entirely to his rage, quitted the bounds of duty so far, as to declare, that he must go and seek this favorite even in the arms of majesty, and sacrifice him to the tranquillity

of the public. This was the signal of rebellion; he soon formed a league, composed of the principal noblemen of England. The people, ever easy to be stirred up, took arms at their summons, and ranged themselves under their banners. The king was at first greatly dismayed; but taking courage again, raised an army, and marched against the rebels: one while conqueror, at another conquered, he menaced, or promised, according to the success of his arms. At length, having gained a battle which appeared decisive, and wherein he made the chiefs of the league, prisoners, among whom was the Earl of Lancaster, he had the imprudence, in compliance with the persuasion of his favorite, to put them to death; flattering himself that this cruelty would intimidate others, and that no person would dare for the future to oppose him in any thing. But his favorite and himself met with misfortunes where they expected to find happiness.

Isabella of France, daughter of Philippe le Bel, and wife of Edward II. looking with eyes of indignation on a man who shared with her in the affections of her spouse, had kept up a secret correspondence with the conspirators. The news, therefore, of their death, chagrined her so violently, that she was unable to conceal it from the king and his favorite. Nothing could have irritated Spenser more against her: he therefore was not content with having prejudiced her husband against her, but he removed all her most faithful domestics from her, and retrenched part of the sum allowed for the support of her household. The spirited Isabella could no longer restrain her resentment. The anger which she had long stifled, now broke out, and hurried her to extremities; she resolved to dethrone her husband, that Spenser might be crushed by his fall. This design being formed, she employed her whole attention for carrying it into execution; she assembled together the remains of the confederacy, and took the utmost precautions for striking a sure blow. Her principal embarrassment was the obtaining a proper number of forces; without which she could not hope to succeed; but in the present situation of affairs, it was almost impossible to raise them in England; the cruelty which the king and his favorite had exercised towards the former confederates, having spread a universal panic. In-

spired, however, with revenge, she resolved to seek for troops abroad.

For this purpose, she proposed to Edward II. that she herself would go over to France, in order to accommodate a difference between him and Charles le Bel, her brother, at that time King of France, and who insisted that Edward should go there and pay him homage for Guienne. Edward, ever guided by his favorite, whose interest it was, that the queen should be removed from court, had the imprudence to accept her proposal. On her arrival in France, she received every mark of friendship and affection from the king, her brother, who loved her tenderly, and out of regard to her, consented that young Edward, son to the King of England, should render homage for Guienne, in the room of his father. The English king added to his former imprudence, by sending his son over to Isabella, who was artful enough to engage the young prince to espouse her cause. She communicated her designs to her brother, of whom she hoped to obtain succours: but he was too politic to enter into a war, in which he was sure of losing many men and much money, without reaping the least advantage. Queen Isabella perceiving that she had nothing to hope from this quarter, went into Hainault, where Count Philip her relation, received her with great tokens of affection. The politic Isabella, in order the better to succeed in her views upon Philip, proposed a match between one of his daughters and her son. The count, flattered with this honor, granted her three thousand men, the command of whom he gave to his brother John, who, though a young man, possessed all the talents necessary for war.

Isabella with this succour returned to England, where she no sooner arrived than she found her army daily increase. The principal nobility, discontented with the government, came, with their partisans well armed, and joined her. Being now at the head of a numerous army, she marched straight to London, with a design to seize the persons of the king and his favorite. But on receiving the news of her march, they escaped to Wales, where they hoped to meet with resources. The queen pursued them: they were soon taken. The king was confined at Kenewert, and Spenser was carried to the queen, who caused him to be banged on a gibbet

fifty feet high. Edward II. was soon after deposed in form, and all orders of the state were discharged from the oaths of fidelity they had taken to him. The Lord High Steward went and broke his sceptre before him, in imitation of the ceremonies observed at the obsequies of kings. The unfortunate Edward shed a torrent of tears on this occasion: and what augmented his sufferings, was, that they were in general looked on rather with pleasure than pity.

Those who had deposed him hastened to London, and proclaimed his son king, by the name of Edward the Third.

The second Edward did not survive his disgrace above a year. Those who had occasioned it could not taste tranquillity so long as they had a revolution to fear: one morning he was found dead. It is said, that a red hot iron was thrust up his body through a pipe made of horn.

JEW SAVED.

ABOUT the commencement of the Indian war in 1763, in America, a trading Jew, named Chapman, who was going up the Detroit river with a load of goods, which he had brought from Albany, was taken by some Indians of the Chippeway nation, and destined to be put to death. A Frenchman, impelled by motives of humanity, found means to steal the prisoner; and kept him so concealed for some time, that although the most diligent search was made, the place of his confinement could not be discovered. At last, however, the unfortunate man was betrayed by some false friend, and again fell into the hands of the Indians, who took him across the river to be burned and tortured. Tied to the stake, and the fire burning by his side, his last meal was presented to him, according to the Indian custom. It was broth, and so hot that it scalded the Jew, who threw the bowl in the face of the man who had presented it to him. "He is mad! he is mad!" exclaimed the Indians. The cords with which he was bound were untied, and he was suffered to go whither he pleased.

REMORSE;

A TALE.

(Continued from page 81.)

WHOLLY absorbed in attention to her sick child, Emmeline heeded not how the time passed, and totally forgot that De Clifford was in all probability alarmed at an absence so unaccountably prolonged; had such a thought entered her mind, she would have felt the greatest dread of returning to encounter his angry reproaches, but her ideas never once took that direction; every object around her was familiar to her recollection, she felt insensible of the lapse of time and all the degrading circumstances which had intervened, and in the midst of this mental delusion felt that she was *at home*. She had not, however, indulged long in this pleasing self deception, ere the door was slowly opened to admit some person whom she imagined to be Mrs. Mortimer, until a voice, never to be mistaken, uttered in a low, impressive tone, "Is she still asleep? has any change taken place?" Lady De Clifford started, and vainly endeavoured to secrete herself in a remote corner of the apartment, but the attempt was vain. Devereux, though the light admitted through the closed shutters was too imperfect to afford a distinct view of her person, was convinced that it must be a stranger, and surprised at the implied intention of concealment, he hastily advanced towards the recess, whither she had retreated. A faint and timid shriek burst from her lips, as he uttered her name, with every indication of surprise, unmixed with pleasure on his countenance. For a moment he regarded her attentively without uttering another word, then turning abruptly away, would have immediately quitted the room, had not Emmeline, summoning all her resolution, ventured to address him. "Fly me not thus disdainfully, Mr. Devereux," she said, in a tone of deep humility, "for hateful as I know my presence must be, I intruded not here with any intention of making an appeal to your pity or forgiveness; the former could afford no relief to my feelings, the latter could not reinstate me in my own good opinion. In a mo-

ment of distraction, heedless of the consequences, I flew hither to see and embrace my dying child; the action was, I confess, rash, but even you, rigid as you are, cannot deem it culpable; that end answered, I shall instantly depart, and have only to entreat that you will not extend your resentment to the worthy woman who, moved by my anguish, permitted me to enter this chamber." "Emmeline," replied Mr. Devereux, with a softened voice, "I fear you mistake my character; I can feel nothing like resentment against you, or any one who has assisted you to perform an act of maternal affection. Happy, indeed, am I to find, that worldly dissipation has not deadened every amiable sentiment in your bosom, and I derive additional gratification from finding that to vindicate yourself, you scorn to make any mean concessions. If it affords you satisfaction, remain here until our child is pronounced out of danger; any impropriety which might be attached to your doing so will be obviated by my quitting the house while you are in it."

The delicacy and consideration of this proposal was not lost upon Emmeline, but at the same time it recalled to her memory what she would willingly have forgotten—it reminded her that she was accountable to De Clifford for her conduct. "I cannot exact such a sacrifice from you," she returned, while a glow of consciousness tinged her cheek; "think me not, however, ungrateful for an offer so truly generous, though I do not now avail myself of it, I know not, indeed, whether——" she paused, and sighed deeply. An answering sigh from Devereux evinced that he entered fully into her feelings. "Well, well," said he, in hurried accents, "do as you please; all I can say is, that if you wish to repeat your visit, you shall meet with no interruption from me." Emmeline silently bowed her head, as he slowly, and with evident reluctance, quitted the room. The tears which pride had suppressed during his presence, now flowed unrestrained, and she felt as if she would give the world to recal him, throw herself at his feet, and supplicate, even in the most abject terms, some token of forgiveness and awakened regard. "He is not, he cannot be so insensible as he appears," she mentally ejaculated; "he loved me once, his heart has never admitted a second attachment, and unworthy as I have been, my presence must have

awakened sentiments as tender as those which even I have suffered, to obtrude during this constrained interview." Perhaps Emmeline was not far from the truth in this conjecture. Devereux had indeed made a painful effort in appearing calm and undisturbed, while his heart throbbed with emotions which reason taught him the necessity of suppressing, and he remained in a state of the most harrassing agitation, until the coach, which she almost immediately sent for, conveyed her from the door; he then returned to the chamber of his daughter, seated himself in the same chair which Emmeline had previously occupied, and remained stationary by her bedside until the entrance of the physician roused him from his meditations and forced his thoughts into another channel. He now learned with extreme satisfaction, that the disorder had assumed a favorable turn, and that every hope might be entertained of his daughter's recovery.

Pale, exhausted, and agitated by various conflicting emotions, Emmeline arrived at her own house, and hurrying to her chamber, summoned her woman, of whom she eagerly enquired what had passed during her absence. Marlow, though suspecting that her lady had not acted with the utmost prudence, was fearful of rousing her indignation by a full disclosure of Sir Arthur's rage or the injurious surmises of the domestics; she, therefore, softened the matter as much as she possibly could, and merely said, that her master had been greatly alarmed at her absence, and had been at various places in quest of her; adding, that no doubt her ladyship could with ease set his mind to rest, if he could be prevailed upon to listen to her. Emmeline, notwithstanding all Marlow's caution, understood, by the last insinuation, that the suspicions of De Clifford had been awakened, and though she knew she possessed the power of exculpating herself from any charge of indecorum, she was aware that he was too strongly prejudiced against Devereux, and too jealous of his supposed ascendancy in her heart, to lend a favorable ear to her explanation; but even her most anxious dread of his resentment did not induce her to repent of having taken a step which had afforded her an opportunity of relieving her mind from a weight of sorrow and remorse.

The voice of De Clifford, as he ascended the stair-case, after being informed of her return, sounded harsh and discordant. Loud invectives met her ear, and throwing open the door with a degree of violence which caused her to shrink from him in terror, he stood before her the image of an infuriated maniac. "You are returned then," said he, impetuously; "and pray, madam, how do you intend to account for your extraordinary and scandalous conduct?" "My conduct, Sir Arthur," replied Emmeline, exerting herself to appear collected, "has, I acknowledge, appeared extraordinary, yet, I flatter myself, no one but yourself will dare to attach any disgrace to it. Suppress those angry feelings, De Clifford, and listen to me: I have never deceived you yet." "Would to heaven you could convince me of that!" exclaimed De Clifford, pacing the room with unabated indignation; "but you cannot; I am not the credulous dupe you had once to deal with." "That reproach but ill becomes you, Sir Arthur," replied Emmeline, her spirit rising against the illiberality of this remark. "Much as you have wronged Devereux, no bitter expression ever passed his lips respecting you, and even this morning——" "*This morning!*" repeated De Clifford, turning pale, "why surely you have not seen *him* this morning?" "I have, indeed," returned Emmeline, coolly; "it was to his house I repaired when I quitted your's; not, indeed, with the slightest idea or wish of seeing him, but to take a last fond look of my long-lamented child." "And do you suppose, madam," asked De Clifford, casting on her a look of incredulity and disdain, "that such a fine sentimental pretence will satisfy me? or that I shall bear this insult with impunity? I have too long read your thoughts, and my conjectures are now confirmed;—but be it so—this shameless avowal justifies me in the measure I was already prepared to adopt: I will be no longer a bar to your happiness—we part now, and for ever!"

(To be continued.)

ESSAY

ON THE CREDULITY OF THE BRITISH IN MATTERS UNCONNECTED WITH RELIGION AND SUPERSTITION.

As there is in the face of every man some peculiarity of features which distinguishes his face from the faces of all other men, so there is in the mind of every nation some peculiarity of disposition which distinguishes the mind of that nation from the minds of all other nations. To discover the causes of these last peculiarities has been the employment of the greatest and most revered philosophers, and from their enquiries and observations on this head, they have, in many cases, been enabled to form decisions which no wise man endeavours, or thinks it possible, to reverse.

But those peculiarities of disposition on the causes of which philosophers seem able to decide properly, are those in the formation of which, climate and the texture and habit of body exert a kind of original and forcible jurisdiction; and I am authorised in advancing this assertion, when I consider that the fiery temper of the Moor and the gallantry of the Italian, have been referred to their proper sources, while that disposition less dependant on materialism, the credulity of the British in matters unconnected with religion and superstition, together with many others of the same nature, has never as yet been satisfactorily accounted for.

All kinds of credulity have been denominated the children of ignorance; but when I reflect that credulity, in matters unconnected with religion and superstition, is one of the most prominent characterizing dispositions in the mind of the British, and that the British nation, far from being the most ignorant, is indisputably the wisest of all nations, I look with contempt on such an unaccountable maxim; and, as it is evident, that, in acuteness, warmth, and refinement of feeling, we are equalled, if not surpassed, by many other nations, I regard in an equally unfavorable light those theories which refer it to any superiority of the British in these respects, or, in fine, to any thing in the least connected with materialism.

If I might be at all allowed to endeavour to account for its cause, it would, instead of being in a manner disgraceful to the nation, be on this, the most honorable of all principles—that as every true Briton is a being incapable of guile, he expects that all other men are as honorable as himself.

As, previous to the invention of printing, the authors of Europe confined themselves principally to the studying of Metaphysics and Theology, it is impossible to ascertain at what era the British began to be remarked for this particular credulity; but if the principle to which I have referred its existence be just, it is evident that its origin is the child of no very modern period. After the invention of that art, investigation embraced a larger field; literature assumed a new aspect; dispositions, customs, and manners, which had before been thought unworthy of notice, daily became more and more the topics of observation; and the subject of which I am now treating occupied often, and at a great length, the pages of the philosopher and manner-painter. In the eighteenth century it seems to have been more descanted on than at any former period, and the alarm excited during that epoch by the reports of the excursions of mad-dogs and mad-bulls, the reliance placed on the truthless narrations of travellers and navigators, and on the nostrums of impertinent quack-doctors, have all been made the subjects of discussion, in a manner both lively and interesting.

To prove from the relation of a few facts which have not as yet employed the pen of the philosopher, and the greater part of which came under my own immediate observation, that this credulity exists among the British at present with as much, if not with more, vigour than it has been proved to have done in the days of our ancestors, is the purpose of this essay.

I could adduce many proofs of the consternation excited by rumours concerning mad-dogs, and other wild animals, but I shall satisfy myself by narrating the following:—

When I was, about four years ago, travelling in a mountainous district in the north of England, I was overtaken on the road by a shepherd, who, after having accosted me with the usual country salutation of “A fine day, sir,” asked me, in a faltering tone, and with a face of terror, whether I had heard the alarming news. “What is it?” asked I.

"O sir!" said he, "I have just now left a traveller, who told me, that a wild animal, called a lama—an animal with the head of a woman and the body of a lion, broke out three days since from the menagerie of Mr. Polito, on the Earthen Mound of Edinburgh—that it killed in Prince's-street, three women and six children, four of the last of which it ate upon the spot—that it forced its way, without receiving hurt, through a company of armed soldiers, which the civil authority had called forth to oppose it—that it had slain several people in the country parishes adjoining Edinburgh, and that it was last seen devouring a flock of sheep among the wilds of Lammermuir. I am just now," added the shepherd, "going home to inform my wife, that she must keep our children within doors, that they may have a better chance of being safe, should the animal visit that part of the country, and I mean to give a similar advice to my brother-in-law, David Dobson, who lives about two miles from this, and who, like myself, has a wife and young family."

I am acquainted with an eminent lawyer, who, at the command of an April letter, rode twenty-four miles from his home, into a wild and uninhabited part of the country, to meet, on business of the most particular nature, a client, whom but three weeks before, he had seen set sail at one of our sea-ports on a voyage to the East Indies; and I could name a company of Yeomanry Cavalry, in Scotland, which, some years ago, on the tale of a hedge-gipsy that the French had landed in a quarter of the island, where it was nowise probable they could effect a disembarkation, equipped itself in its war accoutrements, and hurried off to encounter them. I have frequently seen a man, who, when many schemes for raising money had failed him, artfully bedecked himself in a garb of goose feathers, and had himself for a whole day successfully shewn, by a traveller of Italy, to the concourse of a large fair, as an enormous sized non-descript fowl, newly arrived from the coast of Coromandel. And the reader will, perhaps, have little difficulty in believing that the reliance on the nostrums of quack-doctors, continues as strong as ever, when he is informed, that the lately deceased Doctor Solomon, who was originally a poor black-lead pencil vender, was for many years enabled, from the extensive sales of his Balm of Gilead, to expend more than six thousand

pounds each twelvemonth for advertising his medicines in the newspapers, and that at his death, he was, besides being possessed of an immense sum of money, proprietor of Gillead-house, a house more like the palace of a king than the residence of a private individual; and that Signum of Manchester, a man, who but a few years since, was a journeyman stocking-weaver, in Roxburghshire, but who from a little skill in botany and chemistry, thought fit to commence doctor, now lives in one of the most splendid houses in Manchester, keeps his coach and livery servants, and promises fair to die with a fortune little short of Doctor Solomon's.

But to such length does this credulity carry us, that I have often known one Briton believe the report of another, although that report ran in direct opposition to the evidence of his own bodily senses.

It is a fact known, I dare say, to several of my readers, that not many years ago, a combination of medical men, by individually at short intervals of time, telling a wise and worthy gentleman who was quite well that his health was in a dangerous state, actually made him in a fever, take to his bed, and die. And I recollect, having once been a member in a winter evening's waggish party, in which an honest clergyman who had happened to fall asleep, was, by being asked when he awaked, to snuff the candle, which had before been, with the other lights of the room, intentionally extinguished, for the purpose of trying the extent of his credulity when his slumber broke up, made to believe from seeing no candle before him, that he had been so unfortunate, during his sleep, as to lose the use of his eyesight.

But the following is one of the most remarkable instances of this nature I have yet heard:—

A farmer travelling with his son in the parish of Eddleston, near Peobles, met on the high road with a youth who had sometime traversed that part of the country, under the character of dumb, and being anxious to know how long the youth had continued in that melancholy state, he addressed him in a kindly and feeling tone, with the interrogatory, "How long is it, my young friend, since you became dumb?" "Three years," inadvertantly answered the young man. "William," said the farmer, in a serious tone,

and turning round to his son, "I am persuaded this youth is not dumb." "Aye, father," said the son, who even yet never thought of disbelieving that the youth was incapable of speech, "you are as incredulous in these affairs as you have been in many others—you refuse to believe that the young man is dumb, although you have with your own ears heard him tell you so, from his own mouth."

At this answer of the son, the farmer became ashamed of his incredulity, and pursued his journey, now fully convinced of the folly and iniquity of starting such a doubt.

But however much the credulity of the English may, by some, be held out to be the subject of ridicule, it is at worst, if the principle to which I have referred its origin be true, but an innocent and honorable kind of failing: and I quote the following story of the late celebrated Dr. Goldsmith, not, indeed, as a proof of the credulity of the present time, for it is now many years since that great man left Britain to deplore his death, but as furnishing, in the doctor's answer in its termination, an excellent lesson to those who look upon the believer of a hoax, to be a foolish simpleton, and a proper subject for ridicule, and on the propagator to be a clever witty kind of fellow, and a being deserving the applause of the community.

It is reported that the doctor one day entered a side-box in the Globe-tavern, Fleet-street, where an acquaintance of his was reading a newspaper, and after ringing the bell, he ordered the waiter to bring him a mutton-chop and a pint of Madeira. The command was obeyed, and the waiter had no sooner left the room than the face of Goldsmith's acquaintance put on an expression of disgust and indignation, and upon the doctor's asking him what had offended him, he was answered that he was astonished how any waiter could have the audacity to present a gentleman with a piece of mutton, which, from the nauseous smell it emitted, could not have laid in the Globe-tavern larder for less than a month; and he added, that such audacity deserved, if not death without benefit of clergy, at least an unmerciful chastisement with the cane. On this Goldsmith began to examine the chop, and coming to the decision that it had a smell more offensive than asafœtida, resolved on the propriety of punishing the audacious waiter; but declared, that instead of

taking the severe method of caning him, he would be contented by forcing him to swallow in presence of them both, the abominable and highly-insulting chop. The waiter was accordingly called, and after the doctor reprimanded him for presenting such a chop, and told him with what severity of castigation he would meet, were he punished conformably to the enormity of his crime, he mentioned the punishment meant to be inflicted, and ordered him without delay to proceed to the allotted meal. The waiter was, by the furious menaces of the doctor, frightened into compliance, and when he had performed the task, he left the room. He was no sooner gone, than Goldsmith's companion burst into a fit of loud laughter, and on the doctor requesting to be informed of the cause of his mirth, he answered him thus—"I am astonished how a man of your genius and learning should be so easily imposed upon. The mutton-chop was one of the finest and freshest I ever beheld." And he was still continuing to laugh, and without mercy to rally the doctor on the greatness of his credulity, when Goldsmith replied, "Well, well, you may amuse yourself with the success of your hoax, as long as you have a mind; but let me tell you, I shall never again believe a word of what you say; so, friend, I think I am even with you." G.

TRIUMPH OF METELLUS.

WHEN Nertobrigia was invested by Q. Cœcilius Metellus, the Roman pro-consul, Rhetogenes, a chief lord of the place, came out and surrendered himself to the Romans. The inhabitants enraged at his desertion, placed his wife and children, whom he had left behind, in the breach which the legionaries were to mount. The Roman general hearing of this, and finding that he could not attack the city without sacrificing them, abandoned a certain conquest and raised the siege. No sooner was this act of humanity known through Tarraconian Spain, than the inhabitants of the revolted cities strove who should first submit to him: and thus was a whole country recovered by one humane act.

ORIGIN

OF VARIOUS CUSTOMS, APPELLATIONS, INVENTIONS, &c.

ARMY magazines first imagined and used in the war of Flanders, anno domini 1667, by Louvois the war minister of Louis XIV.

Parallel lines in trenches first used, 1663, by the Turks, at the siege of Cavdin, and invented by an Italian engineer.

Signals by flags at sea, invented by James II. when Duke of York and High Admiral of England.

Bomb-vessels first invented by Bernard Renaud, for the attack on Algiers, by the French, 1681.

Petits maitres, a term adopted in the time of Louis the Fourteenth's minority, and applied to the party of the great Condi; they were called so, because they wished to be masters of the state, when ill fitted for it; afterwards the term was given to all "*la jeunesse avantageuse et mal élevée*."

Italian opera first established in France, by the Marquis di Sovedine, 1660.

Carriages with glazed windows, and hung on springs, invented and used in Paris, 1661.

The first year of Louis the Fourteenth's administration he invented the distinction of different regiments by uniforms peculiar to each. Other nations quickly followed so sensible a mode of distinguishing their troops.

Long-toed shoes and boots, with ruffles on the top of the boot, first worn in England, in 1646,—a Round-head fashion.

Hair-powder first worn in 1654. "Our modern gallants," saith Howell, "hash and powder their pericraniums all the year long." This is the only notice I have ever met with of the fashion of powdering the hair.

The term of puppy, as applied to a foppish man, a corruption of the French word *poupée*, a doll.

The art of engraving, invented by the Florentines, in the middle of the 15th century.

(To be continued.)

AN ANSWER TO R. B—P's QUERY:

“WHEREIN CONSISTS THE DISTINCTION BETWEEN HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY?”

HISTORY, taken generally, is a word of the widest signification; it embraces every species of learning, as appears by its etymology being derived from the verb, *Ισμημι*, *I know*, which word, though concise and abstracted of itself, evidently indicates the presence of an extensive round of knowledge. Thus those men among the ancient Greeks and Romans, who possessed various and general knowledge, were denominated *Polyhistores*. This word, *Ισμημι*, gives rise to *ἱστορία*, History, and which literally denotes a search for any thing curious, or a desire of knowing, or a detail of things which have been seen and discovered; it gives an account of every thing which has occurred in the world since its creation; it enumerates every science and every system; and as it includes an account of all the different states which have existed in the moral world, and likewise of those men who in different ages of the world have most distinguished themselves either for their good or evil actions, it follows, that Biography lies within its unlimited scope, which circumstance appears to have created some doubt in the mind of R. B—p as to the existence of a real distinction between History and Biography. The distinction is obvious, and requires nothing elaborate or erudite to shew it. History, from what has been stated, and I trust with correctness, embraces every thing; while Biography, which is but a branch, a species of that History, records the lives and characters of remarkable persons only. It does not profess to note the occurrences which were cotemporaneous with the lives of its respective individuals in conjunction with those which actually concerns them; but confines itself more particularly to those occurrences immediately connected with its subjects.

The Greek derivation of Biography also, *Βίος*, *a life*, and *Γραφω*, *to write*, will materially aid in exemplifying the distinction.

J. P.

REVIEW OF NEW WORKS.

METRICAL LEGENDS OF EXALTED CHARACTERS;
by JOANNA BAILLIE, Author of "Plays on the Passions,"
which made its appearance on the 15th of last month.

THIS work is interesting and original; we have read it with pleasure, and recommend it to the perusal of our readers.

RUSSIAN ANTHOLOGY.

IT is interesting to observe the progress of the Russians in intellectual advancement, since the time of Peter the Great. Previous to that era they were in a state of ignorance, rudeness, and comparative barbarity. The nation received from that enterprising monarch an impulse which has hitherto continued to urge its genius forward.

This work, by Mr. Bowring, contains a variety of elegant translations from the Russian Poets of the last half century. Our limits prevent us giving an extract this month, therefore we must defer it till a future opportunity.

HELEN DE TOURNAN, a Novel, in two Volumes: translated from the French of MADAME DE SONZA.

It is a singular coincidence, that while our great northern author was most probably busied in his pages of Kenilworth and the Court of Elizabeth, this lady was portraying, with no unskilful hand, the gay circles of the Louvre at the same period of time. The reign of Henry the third of France, Catherine De Medicis, and other exalted characters, are well drawn, and the interest is kept awake through the busy scenes, till we are in possession of the well-managed denouement. Yet as an historical novelist, Madame De Sonza must yield the palm of victory to the Author of "Waverly."

IRONICAL ADVICE TO THE FACULTY, from the pen of a PHYSICIAN; recently presented from the press.

THIS is an able production: amidst much pleasantry and satire, some useful hints are given. We select one to parents on the management of young children. At preparatory

schools it too often happens that the food is either too scanty or else not sufficiently animal; this is a point of all others that ought to be attended to; also the injurious system of punishing the child by depriving it of its dinner; the next meal is of no service, the natural appetite is gone, the child is taken ill, an apothecary is sent for; it is too young to describe its feelings and sensations, and is most probably laid on a sick bed. Proper food regularly given, is, as the author avers, the sheet-anchor of a child's health. Let medicines be sparingly given, and in a palatable form, for it is difficult to make the young patient swallow one half of a crude potion; it also frequently causes it to suspect its food and dilutions, and revolt from them with disgust, and a plentiful supply of the latter is of material service in all acute disorders.

THE MENTAL CALCULATOR, by R. LOVEKIN, for the ready Solution of Questions in Astronomy.

This work forms a complete epitome of that science, and a guide to the constellations; and is arranged with cleverness and ability; and saves the trouble both to the tutors and the pupils, of frequent reference to the celestial globe. To every problem there is an illustration that does credit to the author. Though principally intended for the use of schools, it is not unworthy the notice of an adult studying the noble science, or to those who wish to accurately distinguish the heavenly constellations.

GEOGRAPHICAL EXERCISE BOOK, for the use of Schools and Private Families, by C. ROBERTSON, *Surrey-House Academy, Kennington-Cross.*

The form of this work is nearly that of a copy-book; problems are set in print, with spaces left under each, for the student to give written answers. The teachers of geography will, at one view, comprehend the system and its superior utility. It encourages the industrious character by competition with the other pupils; it arouses the indolent by the contrast, and places the performance of each individual in a fair point of view, and also serves to impress it in their memory.

CONVERSATIONS ON ENGLISH GRAMMAR, by Mrs. Williams, author of the much-esteemed Syllable and Spelling Book. This, as well as the two works immediately preceding, are published by Lackington and Co.

WE agree with this lady, that though much has been published on this essential branch of education, something more explanatory and familiar was yet wanting, and most ably her pen supplied that defect; children in general feel their grammar tasks irksome, and look on the path to perfection as intricate and difficult to tread, but Mrs. Williams has made the road easy and interesting, her familiar, rational, and elegant dialogues, and the youthful mind improves and expands as it were under their influence by a domestic charm.

THE HISTORY OF MRS. GREVILLE AND HER TWO DAUGHTERS, EMILY AND CHARLOTTE.

THIS work is a charming introduction to the grammatical conversations; and if the book should be made use of for the preparatory education of young gentlemen, instead of ladies, a new change of name is all that this mode of tuition requires. They should be read in daily portions, the teacher always observing to question the readers as far as they have proceeded, and by no means to pass to another lesson, till the former is attained, and the child, or every one in the class can answer every question referring to it. Too much praise cannot well be given to this valuable production.

KENILWORTH.

SINCE our last we have read Kenilworth, (which we then announced for publication), with much satisfaction. It adds another laurel to the wreath of the celebrated unknown: all the distinguished characters of the reign of Elizabeth, are brought on the tapis with great effect, and out of a plain and simple, but we fear too true an event, supposed to occur at Conner in Berkshire, to one of Leicester's wives, this wonderful master of the art has presented us with a highly-finished and interesting story, and so great is the hold it takes on our senses, that he induces us to think ourselves in the hall of Kenilworth along with the maiden Queen, and leads us through its various mazes with pleasing fascination. In our opinion, it more resembles Ivanhoe, than any other of the author's works.

EPITOME OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS

FOR FEBRUARY, 1821.

FEBRUARY 3d. Mr. Scarlett moved in the Court of King's Bench, for a rule, for a criminal information against the proprietors of a weekly paper called "John Bull," on account of a libel against the *late* Lady C. Wrottesly; published under the head of an article called "The Queen's Visitors." The learned counsel then read the paragraph complained of:— That the Countess Tankerville as the mother, and the lady of the Hon. G. Bennet, as the sister-in-law of Lady C. Wrottesly, had been compelled by their husbands to visit Her Majesty, nor could they object, as Lady C. W. had been detected in an intrigue with an inferior domestic.

Affidavits were put in and read as to the propriety of conduct and chastity of the late lady; but the most affecting was one from her surviving husband, stating they were united in 1795, and had fourteen children, ten of whom were now living; and in the early part of the year 1820, he had the irreparable misfortune to lose her. He had full confidence in her honour and chastity, and never heard those qualities called in question, until he had the horror of seeing her fame aspersed in a common newspaper. It was proved that ten thousand copies of the paper containing this libel had been circulated.

The learned counsel observed that there were no need of argument to prove to the Court, that a slanderous libel against the dead called equally for punishment with those levelled at persons in existence. The Chief Justice agreed with Mr. Scarlett as to this point, and granted the rule.

A rule for a criminal information was also granted against the Rev. R. Blacow, M. A. of Liverpool, for publishing a sermon preached in the church of St. Mark, in that city, on Sunday, the 26th of Nov. 1820, with additional notes and appendix, bearing on the Radical Question. The Queen's Attorney-General moved for this rule.

£50,000 a year has been voted by the ministers for the Queen, during Her Majesty's natural life; but it is reported that the illustrious lady will enter into no arrangements with them of a pecuniary nature unless her rights and honours are ceded to her and her name inserted in the Liturgy.

We were sorry to be informed that a coolness has taken place between an exalted personage and an amiable prince, much valued and respected ever since he came to reside in this country, and endeared to its people by some peculiar circumstances, and interesting remembrances.

The king of France and other members of the Bourbon family have been painfully alarmed by the explosion of some gunpowder which appeared purposely placed in a private closet of the Thuilleries for their destruction. Various accounts have been received; but until we derive more correct information, we postpone the subject. It is, however, certain, that an explosion did take place, that several doors were forced open, and some windows broken in an apartment appropriated to Madame the Duchess d'Angouleme; the gates were instantly closed, and the guards seized their arms, while proper officers repaired to the spot to investigate the atrocious affair. Several loyal addresses have been sent to the venerable monarch, on this painful occasion.

Feb. 6th. His Majesty honored Drury-lane Theatre with his august presence for the first time since his accession to the throne; the year which has elapsed since the decease of his Royal Father has been marked by an abstinence from public amusements, which does honour to his feelings and sets an amiable example of respect both to the highest and lowest classes of society, Elegant and appropriate preparations were made for the reception of the Royal visitor by the spirited manager. The procession consisted of five carriages and an unusual number of guards. The Shakspeare Tavern and some of the houses near the theatre were tastefully illuminated on the occasion; the streets and windows were crowded to excess, and the interior of Drury was overflowed by its audience. His Majesty was accompanied by his Royal Brothers of York and Clarence. He was received with enthusiastic bursts of loyalty and affection, amidst some partial cries of "The Queen! The Queen!" and a few expres-

sions reflecting on the conduct of the ministers, which more particularly displayed itself, when the national anthem of 'God save the King,' was called for. Our gracious Sovereign appeared in excellent spirits, but is thinner and less florid than on his last visit to this theatre. The performance was "Artaxerxes," and "Who's Who?"

Feb. the 7th. His Majesty honored Covent-garden with his presence, accompanied as on the preceding evening by the Dukes of York and Clarence. The performance, by command, "Twelfth night," and the new pantomime, with which His Majesty appeared delighted, and gave frequent marks of his approbation. His reception was nearly the same as at Drury-lane, but if possible more enthusiastic; the house was thronged in every part, but owing to the doors being opened an hour before the usual time, much inconvenience was obviated, and the audience got seated previous to the King's entrance.

A box is fitting up in a splendid style for His Majesty at the Opera-house, and we feel pleasure in announcing that it is his intention to visit the principle theatres frequently this season.

The widow of the celebrated Klopstock, author of the "Messiah," died at Hamburgh, on the 20th of January.

We understand that the marble bust of Mr. West, the late venerable President of the Royal Academy, executed by Mr. Benks, a young, but admirable artist, has been purchased by Sir John Leicester, and will form one of the novelties this season in his collection of modern arts, which will open on Monday, the 2nd of April.

Feb. 8th. Sir Francis Burdett received judgment in the court of King's-Bench, Westminster, for a libel respecting the Manchester meeting; and was sentenced to three month's imprisonment in the King's-Bench Prison, to pay a fine of two thousand pounds, or to be further imprisoned until that fine is paid.

Sir Francis immediately surrendered himself into the custody of the Marshal of that prison, and was conveyed there, accompanied by some friends, in a hackney-coach, amidst the huzzas and greetings of a number of spectators, whom the occasion had assembled. He occupies apartments contiguous to the lodge, within the outer walls. Sir William Wraxall

was the last inmate; he continued there from May to August, 1816, when he was set at liberty, and his fine of £500 remitted by the Prince Regent; his sentence of confinement was for six months.

On Monday, the 12th instant, a numerous body of respectable Electors of Westminster, met at the Crown and Anchor Tavern, J. C. Hobhouse, Esq. in the chair, to enter into resolutions, and make arrangements for raising, by subscription, the fine levied on Sir Francis Burdett; various receiving houses were appointed: penny subscriptions have also commenced in several of the country towns, and from the spirit with which the entire concern is carried on, and the rapid progress of its funds, there remains not a doubt that the required two thousand pounds will soon be realized.

The Baronet is daily visited by his family and political friends; he takes frequent exercise on the Terrace, and appears in excellent health and spirits.

Mysterious visit to Bow-street.—On the 14th of this month, as the worthy magistrate of this office was actively busied in the multiplicity of its affairs, a handsome travelling carriage covered with dust, stopped at the door; a middle aged lady alighted from it of a slight genteel figure, dressed in a dark blue riding-habit, a black beaver hat, and a lace veil that nearly enveloped her whole person. Her countenance was expressive of the deepest melancholy; at her request she was immediately conducted to the magistrate, who politely desired her to be seated until he was at leisure to attend to her commands; this she declined. And Sir R. Baker, rather alarmed at the anxiety and earnestness she displayed, entreated she would move round to the other side of the table. In a few minutes he addressed the lady as to her business with him:—"Only sir, (deeply sighing,) to place in your hands these pamphlets; they contain deep interest, fraud, and presumptive murder; and to request you will make them public preparatory to a great and public event." She handed him two quarto pamphlets, the title-page of one, announced "An Investigation into the Conduct of a Reverend Gentleman." The margins of both were nearly covered with remarks. The worthy Magistrate assured the Lady, he would take the first opportunity of perusing them. "Do so," replied the fair stranger, in an authoritative tone,

"but will you promise to give them publicity." I assure you, madam, I will look over them and do what is right." "From what I observe of you," replied the Lady, "I believe you." She hurried out of the office, and re-entered her carriage, which drove off at a rapid pace, and nothing further has yet transpired concerning the affair.

The motion for inserting the Queen's name in the Liturgy has been lost by a majority in favour of the Ministers of 186; and, according to established rule, the affair cannot be brought forward again during the present Session of Parliament.

Bills of Indictment have been found by the Middlesex Grand Jury, against the proprietors and publishers of the "Courier" and "Morning Post," for libels on Her Majesty.

Sir Walter Scott is now in London, for the purpose of meeting the friends of his late brother-in-law, who died in India; and by which event, his children will most probably derive a considerable addition to their fortunes.

It is expected that the Coronation will certainly take place some time in June; it is said on the 18th, the anniversary of the Battle of Waterloo. Active preparations are making for the august ceremony both in Westminster-Abbey and the Hall. It is also reported that His Majesty will embark for Ireland in July.

The Princess Augusta, assisted by her Royal Sister, the Duchess of Gloucester, will hold a drawing-room at Buckingham-House, early in the Spring.

National Schools are now actively establishing in Dublin, for the purposes of general education and instruction of the children of the poor, without any restriction as to religious opinions.

The Directors of the British Institution have presented Mr. Martin with two hundred guineas, as a testimony of their approbation of his exquisite performance of Belchazzar's feast.

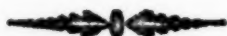
It is fully authenticated that the late explosion at the Thuilleries, was a stock-jobbing hoax, invented by a ruined financier, named Leven, who committed the dread act of suicide immediately that his baseness was discovered, and thus evaded the punishment of the law that his turpitude deserved. Several persons who had been imprisoned on sus-

picion, were liberated, and the feelings of the people tranquillized of the alarm that had existed, as to the safety of their aged monarch.

We heard with much gratification and sincere approval, Lord Liverpool's unequivocal assertion, that the Government of this country had no concern or league whatever in the Holy Alliance against Naples, nor do our Ministers concur in their opinion, that any sovereign has a right to meddle with the interior affairs of another monarch's kingdom; it is a cruel and reprehensible policy. It is rumoured that subscriptions will be opened in the City to assist the distressed Neapolitans in the same mode as was formerly used towards the unfortunate Poles.

It is presumed in the Court circles that a marriage in high life will take place as soon as private feelings of respect and etiquette will allow an illustrious widower to change his sables for bridal splendour.

A duel, attended, we fear, with fatal consequences, took place in a field near Chalk-farm Tavern, on Friday the 16th of February; the parties were Mr. Scott, the avowed Editor of the London Magazine, and Mr. Christie, a friend of the *supposed* conductor of Blackwood's Magazine, a Mr. T. G. Lockhart, of Edinburgh.



THE DRAMA.



DRURY-LANE THEATRE.

ON Tuesday, the 30th of January, according to annual custom, the Oratorios commenced under the able and masterly direction of Sir G. Smart. Mr. Braham, Mrs. Salmon, and Miss Goodall, gave the highest satisfaction to an elegant and fashionable audience; we had the pleasure to see Madame Camporese make her first public appearance after an absence of three years from this country, and we congratulate her on the improvements she has acquired in that interval.

On the following Friday, a drama in three acts made its first appearance in this house, "Theresa, or, The Orphan of

Geneva." Its success is nearly without precedent, and promises to be a standing favorite; it is trite, interesting, and moral; but as it appears to us more formed to please on the boards of a theatre than amuse in the closet, we forbear to make any extracts from it. Miss Kelly is the heroine, and, as usual, exerts her powerful influence over the feelings of her auditors.

A new piece being produced at the Cobourg theatre, entitled "Theresa, or, The *Maid* of Geneva," Mr. Elliston, considering it as a piracy on his property, obtained an injunction in the Court of Chancery to stop the performance; but it being proved that the original was a French drama, acting with great *eclat* in Paris, and the translations, from the pen of separate authors, being widely different, the injunction was dissolved with *costs*; his lordship facetiously observing, that, as the Cobourg lady was not the same with the Drury-lane fair one, as imputed, he desired the former might remain and exercise her attractions undisturbed. Theresa was greeted the next evening on her appearance at the Cobourg with loud shouts of welcome.

A new tragedy is in preparation at this theatre, called "Conscience, or, The Bridal Night," of which green-room report speaks highly.

Miss Wilson's transcendant talents suffer no diminution from their frequent exertion; she was honored by the command of His Majesty on his visit to this theatre, in Artaxerxes, and he testified the highest approbation of her performance.

The house is crowded to excess every night this young lady makes her appearance; Mrs. Coutts, with the liberality that so eminently distinguishes her, a few evenings since, presented Miss Wilson with a fifty-pound note as a testimony of esteem, and of the pleasure she derived from her dramatic and vocal powers.

Miss Wilson, as a token of gratitude to her singing-master, presented him with a complete appendage of silver for his tea-table. This is a trait of character too amiable to allow us to pass it unnoticed.

It is said that the comedy of *The Fugitive*, from the pen of Joseph Richardson, Esq. M. P. one of the former proprietors of Drury-lane theatre, will shortly be revived at this theatre.

COVENT-GARDEN THEATRE.

WE have nothing novel to record this month, unless we rake up the ashes of a departed piece entitled "A Figure of Fun," condemned to oblivion the very first night of its representation; it went on favorably at first till an automaton was introduced, from which, we presume, the farce takes its name. It can, by winding up, take snuff, bow, blow a horn, &c. and is personated by Liston, at length it is made to represent a lover standing all day gazing at his mistress through the window of her father's eating-house; this palpable absurdity, and some coarse jokes, disgusted the audience, and the uproar and cries of manager were immense; the performers did their best for the author, but their efforts were vain; Mr. Fawcett came forward and observed to the audience, *Your will is a law with us*, or words nearly similar, "if you disapprove this piece, it shall instantly be withdrawn." This intimation procured applause; order and harmony were restored, and the house soon cleared.

Miss Hallande who makes her debut (the first, it is announced, on any stage) in *Don John*, or, *The two Violettes*, an alteration from *The Chances*, of Beaumont and Fletcher, as the principal *viollette*) has a most powerful and charming voice; her vocal abilities on her first rehearsal before the Covent-Garden band, so delighted the manager, that he lost no time in entering into articles with the young lady for five years.

Mrs. Fitzerbert has fitted up a beautiful little theatre at her marine residence, Brighton. On the 15th, "Raising the Wind," was performed by amateurs, among whom were Lord Normanby, Lord A. Hill, and Miss Seymour; a ball and supper concluded the entertainments.

An excellent concert for the benefit of the Choral Fund, was performed at the English Opera House, supported by the leaders of the vocal profession. A Miss Venes took this opportunity to effect an introduction to the public; she gave us the solemn air of "*What though I truce*" from Handel's *Solomon*, with delicate and just expression, and was most deservedly encored.

The building of the new Haymarket theatre has actively commenced, and it is to be completed for performance against July. Its situation is near to where its predecessor formerly stood.



Walking & Evening Dresses for March 1821.
Invented by Miss Tierspoint, Henrietta Street Covent Garden.

Pub. March 1. 1821 by Dean & Munday, The Needle Street.

THE
MIRROR OF FASHION

FOR MARCH, 1821.

WALKING-DRESS.

A ROUND dress of cambric, trimmed with Urling's patent lace: cachemire pelisse of Egyptian brown; the facings formed of three distinct *rouleaux* of pink satin; between each of which runs a braiding of a most elegant and novel kind, the same colour as the pelisse; which is made with a mantelet pelerine, or pilgrim's mantle. Black velvet bonnet, lined with pink, with feathered tufted edge, and crowned with a beautiful plume of very full, but short, curled feathers. Muff, of swansdown, or white Siberian fox. Triple ruff, of fine Mechlin lace; mazarine-blue morrocco boots, and doe-skin gloves.

EVENING DRESS.

ROUND dress, of blush-coloured satin, with deep flounce of fine blond, or Urling's patent lace, at the edge of the border; the flounce surmounted by two full distinct *rouleaux* of pink satin, confined, at distant intervals, by bouquets of roses and everlastings; sash, of pink-satin broad riband, with bow behind. Wreath of full-blown blush roses on the head as far as the ears: the hair arranged *à l'enfant*, with short ringlets in the neck. Shoes of white spotted *gros de Naples*; white kid gloves, and white crape fan, richly ornamented at the edge with spangles: this costume is sometimes adopted for the ball-room.

These two elegant dresses display the superior taste and fancy of Miss Pierpoint, inventress of the *Corset à la Grecque*, No. 9, Henrietta-street, Covent-garden, to whom we are obliged for their exact copy, as presented to our readers in this Number.

GENERAL MONTHLY STATEMENT OF FASHION.

WITH the approach of Spring, we find it always usual, though why, we know not, to adopt black velvet spencers: a new kind of this favorite article is made to button behind; and is pointed in front at the bottom of the waist, and has neither cape nor collar; a swansdown tippet, or falling frill of lace or embroidered muslin, being worn with it, according to the state of the weather. Lapland-ice moss is used as a trimming to light coloured cachemire pelisses for the carriage; we must say, we find this very incongruous; for the light colours now, whether in cachemire, *gros de Naples*, or satin, may be looked on as the harbingers of spring; and the above-mentioned moss has so chill an appearance, that we fancy ourselves almost in Lapland at the sight of it; nor do we admire it at all as a trimming; it is a beautiful material for winter-bonnets, but no further. A favorite colour for spencers is Egyptian brown, either in velvet, satin, or reps-silk; they are lined with jonquil satin, and trimmed with a net chenille fringe of the same colour, tassels, and Brandenburghs. Pelerines of fur are more worn than we could wish, for they are too large, and destroy all the grace of a good shape.

The bonnets are made low in the crown, and are not bent down on the forehead so much as they were last month: we think they are a degree smaller. The white satin carriage hats and bonnets are often ornamented with coloured ribands of the same colour as the flowers or feathers with which they are crowned. Highland caps are much worn in carriages.

Cambric gowns, trimmed with puckered muslin, in various ways, form the chief dress for the morning. For evening dresses, gowns of net, or crape, over satin, are much admired; for half-dress, figured poplins, or twilled sarsnet, seem most prevalent; but never was black so much worn as at this period; it is a dress that, in the winter, always looks well, and is particularly suited to the fair-haired beauty, or where *embonpoint* has destroyed the sylph-like form of earlier years.

The silk-handkerchief, long known by the title of the Madrass turban, has experienced some want of favor; yet the head-dress is so convenient and so truly appropriate to half-dress, that ladies who are really ladies of fashion, seem determined to let it yet maintain its ground; though French caps, with a profusion of half-opening roses placed in front, have certainly the pre-eminence for that style of costume, in which woman always appears to most advantage. Young ladies, in full dress, wear chiefly their own hair, interspersed with flowers among the braids and ringlets.

The favorite articles in jewellery, are rubies and pearls; and the most prevailing colours, are Egyptian brown, geranium, and grass-green.

THE PARISIAN TOILET.

ALL the treasures of this emporium are now displayed, for the fine weather in Paris fills the gardens of the Tuilleries with rival beauties, all habited in the utmost style of elegance and fashion; yet there are now in that tasteful metropolis many Gallic belles who are confined with severe colds. The reason is obvious; they had such beautiful mantles, such delightful marabout plumes, and such elegant thin kid shoes; and, according to a Frenchwoman's maxim, these things must be seen out of doors, or what are they worth?

A fashionable hat for this, and other public walks, is composed of black velvet, with a full trimming of gauze round the crown, quilled like a ruff; the plaits in front are divided by an ornamental pin of steel, diamond cut. These hats have no other ornament, nor have they any trimming at the edge. Some of the Parisian *élégantes* have essayed to revive the hat which was in fashion in 1809 and in 1813, with a high crown and a small brim; these are of rose-coloured velvet, or satin, and resemble the Polish hat, only that the brims of these are quite spread out, and that they are crowned with either marabout or ostrich feathers.

Mantles of a wrap kind are more in favour now than pelisses; a very beautiful one for the carriage is of Nakara velvet, trimmed round with marten; and another for the promenade, of green kerseymere, lined and trimmed with ermine. English mantles of silk are much worn, and are likely to be very general through the month of March.

Spencers are made to button behind, and have a collar slightly falling, with a satin riband, or mock velvet, that ties behind.

On many gowns, as well as spencers, that fasten behind, the buttons are merely ornamental; the dress itself is fastened with hooks and eyes underneath; some ladies have even false button-holes worked, to render the illusion more complete. A dress for visits of ceremony, or for English tea-parties, is of pink satin, or mock velvet, trimmed with Chinchilla fur; with a white bonnet of shag silk, lined with pink, and crowned with a rich plume of down feathers. The hair arranged over the forehead, and slightly parted, in very full curls. This is an expensive dress, under the affectation of half-dress. Gowns of *tulle*, for evening dresses, are embroidered in flowers of a pale *ponceau* colour. The flowers that are used in the trimming of ball-dresses have pistils of pearls, which have a very brilliant effect.

Now is the season when Diversity, the favorite handmaid of Fashion, is busily employed in giving variety to the manner of arranging the tresses of beauty, and *les coëffures aux cheveux* are different at every different party. Sometimes a wreath of various flowers are twisted tight round the knot of hair brought together on the crown of the head, with a bandeau next the forehead of the same flowers. Another evening head-dress is seen, composed of three diadems; the first encircling the forehead, is of diamonds, the second of flowers, and the third, which is placed very backward, is of silver ears of corn, behind which the hair is fastened with a diamond comb. Another evening head-dress is formed from a mixture of *ponceau* and silver gauze, entwined amongst the hair with ornaments of gold wheat-ears. Turbans are made of gauze, velvet, or crape, and adorned with pearls and antique broaches. A very favorite head-dress for the ball-room is the hair arranged *à la Madona*, and discovering the ears; on the summit of the crown is a beautiful cluster of auriculas; puffings of white gauze and auriculas fill up each side of the hair.

Coral ornaments are very general, particularly for young persons at balls.

The favorite colours are—rose-colour, *nakara*, (i. e. the bright scarlet poppy) grass-green, and grey.

THE
APOLLONIAN WREATH.



THE MAID OF ASCOLOT*.

A ROMANTIC FRAGMENT.

By T. B. G.

SIR GAWAIN sought the regal bower,
In council with the king† he stood;
They stood within the western tower,
The western tower beside the flood,
When proudly o'er the swelling tide
A gallant bark was seen to glide.

The gorgeous vessel near the shore,
In solemn grandeur glided on;
No swelling sail, no moving oar,
Impells it through the waves so wan,
It glides amidst the dashing spray,
No human arm directs the way.

Within the bark a beauteous maid,
Beneath an awning bright with gold,
Upon a purple couch is laid;
But she is silent, pale, and cold;
No more she draws her balmy breath;
Her visage shews the seal of death.

The bark is stopped—the knights descend;
To where the briny waters flow
Their steps the wondering warriors bend,
And gaze upon this sight of woe,
And sad is Gawain's breast, I wot,
He views the maid of Ascalot.

* See Ellis's Specimens.

† Arthur,

'Twas long ere first he heard her sing
 So blithely in her father's bower;
 What time in life's uncertain spring
 Young pleasure mark'd her ev'ry hour;
 Ere yet the maid began to prove
 The pangs of unrequited love.

Now stiff is every beauteous limb,
 Her eyes unclos'd are glaz'd and cold,
 And yet they seem to look on him—
 On him her friend, her Gawain bold;
 And bending stands the silent knight,
 Beside that fair and dreadful sight!

VERSES,

IN RETURN FOR A PRESENT OF PERFUME FROM A GENTLEMAN.

BY MISS ANNA MARIA PORTER,

DISTILLED by Phœbus from those roseate flowers,
 Which breathe ambrosia through Olympian bowers,
 A matchless essence flow'd; of power to spread
 E'en mortal cheek with Heaven's unfading red,
 To paint the lip, to light the kindling eye,
 To mould the figure into symmetry,
 To add Expression's soul to Beauty's form—
 Then aid the finish'd work with love to warm!
 In vase of dew congeal'd, the glass of Heav'n,
 By beauty's queen this rare distilment giv'n
 To the young Phaon, on the Lesbian shore,
 Condemn'd each maid to wonder and adore.
 Seiz'd with sweet transport, or his grace divine,
 Melodious Sappho fled Apollo's shrine,
 To love and Phaon strung her deathless lyre,
 Till Phaon's bosom caught congenial fire;
 Ah! fire how brief! a moment, and it dies!
 To rocks, and seas, and death, fond Sappho flies!
 Fair Venus saw, and o'er her votary's bier
 Shed the soft rain of many a sorrowing tear;

Then with indignant haste from Phaon caught
The mystic vase, with her own treasure fraught,
To Henry's purer breast the gift consign'd,
And bade its power extend from form to mind,
Spread Friendship's light, support her vestal flame,
And breathe a fragrant sighs her G——'s name!

POSSESSIVE PRONOUNS.

BY MRS. COCKLE,

AUTHOR OF "IMPORTANT STUDIES," "SIMPLE MINSTRELSY," &c.

How sweet in pleasure's social hours,
When friends and favorites shine,
That proud connecting pronoun "*our's*"
The sacred bond to join!

How grateful to the doubting heart
Which love's soft pang endures,
Is read, without one trace of art,
That cherish'd pronoun "*your's*!"

But happier still, with trusted sigh,
Where kindred tastes combine,
When friendship writes in soft reply,
The answering pronoun, "*thine*."

ANNA DEAD.

HERE will I lie, and lonely wail,
Beside the streamlet's murmuring wave;
The winds shall hear the mournful tale,
And sadly sigh o'er Anna's grave.

Oh, Anna! should thy spirit dear,
Still hover nigh this clay-cold bed,
Thou'lt view the pangs that rankle here,
The tears these eyes must ever shed.

Thou pearly drop of early dew,
That hung upon the morning's eye!
How swift on wings of pleasure flew,
Life's galling hours when thou wert by!

And art thou fled? for ever fled?
Oh! where, my Anna, dost thou dwell?
The stroke that laid fair Anna dead,
Has rung her poet's fun'ral knell.

WILLIAM.

SONG,

BUSY bee, so light and airy,
Fickle as the wanton fairy,
'Mid the rosy halls you play,
Or, like passing sunny show'rs,
Climb the lips of all the flow'rs,
Sip a kiss—and fly away.

On those kisses whilst you flourish,
While those bounteous blisses nourish
All your airy flutt'ring kind;
Every am'rous bud is sighing,
Every faithful blossom dying,
With the sting you leave behind.

Ah! could I so fearless hover
O'er the heart, and soft discover
All the loves of Isabelle:
Though to me each glowing feature,
Speaks a bright decaying creature,
What my fear is—need I tell.

'Tis those flames her dark eyes throwing,
And her radiant tresses flowing,
On that bosom calm to play,
Whilst a thousand charms disporting,
O'er those lips—the winds are courting,
Bid me love, to pine away.

December 5th, 1820.

J. S. D.

A LOYAL EXTRACT,

FOUND IN AN ALBUM OF A SMALL INN, IN SNOWDONIA, 1818.

ATTRIBUTED TO MR. DUNCOMBE.

CAMBRIAN! O Cambrian! hold fast to your mountain,
Cambrian! O Cambrian! hold fast to your glen,
Nor quit your pure air, and your pure welling fountain,
For streams of pollution, the vice-floods of men;
Bright sparkling as health is your Dee's foaming torrent,
Translucent and clear, from all tumult secure,
But Mersey and Thames, and each wealth-freighted current,
With the foul, slimy offspring of wealth are impure;
Ah! fly not from scenes full of rapture and wonder,
Where virtue and peace long in union have trod,
To where Até and Hunt shout the war-whoop of plunder,
And Satan and Carlisle defiance to God.

LINES,

ADDRESSED TO WILLIAM RUFUS GRAY BATES, AGED 3 YEARS, BY A
MINISTER, AT BOSTON, ON HIS LEAVING THAT PLACE WITH HIS
MOTHER, TO JOIN HIS FATHER IN ENGLAND.

Lo! how impatiently upon the tide
The proud ship tosses, eager to be free,
Her flag streams wildly, and her flutt'ring sails
Pant to be on their flight. A few hours more
And she in stately grandeur will move on,
Clearing her path majestic through the flood,
As though some mighty goddess of the deep.
Oh! 'tis a work sublime, that man can force
A path upon the waste, can find a way
Where all is trackless, and compel the winds
(Those freest agents of Almighty power)
To lend their untamed wings, and bear him on
To distant climes. Thou, William, still art young,
And dost not see the wonder; thou wilt tread
The buoyant deck, and look upon the flood
(Unconscious of the vast sublimity)
As if a common thing; thy soul unawed,
Thy childish sports unchecked; while thinking man
Shrinks back into himself—himself so mean,

Midst things so grand—and wrapt in deepest awe
 Bends to the weight of that mysterious power
 Who checks the waters at his will, and guides
 Th' ungovernable winds. 'Tis not in man
 To gaze unmov'd upon that heaving waste
 Which from horizon to horizon spreads,
 And meets the o'erstretching heavens on ev'ry side,
 Blending their various hues in distant faintness.
 'Tis wonderful! and yet, sweet boy, just such
 Is life! Life is a sea as fathomless
 As wide, as terrible, but yet sometimes
 As calm and beautiful. The light of Heaven
 Smiles on it, and 'tis decked with ev'ry hue
 Of glory and of joy. Anon dark clouds
 Arise, contending winds of fate go forth
 And hope sits weeping o'er a general wreck!
 And thou must sail upon this sea—a long,
 Eventful voyage;—the wise *may* suffer wreck,
 The foolish *must*. Oh! then be early wise!
 Learn from the mariner the skilful art
 To ride upon the waves and catch the breeze,
 To dare the threat'ning storm, and trace a path
 Where all is pathless, to the destined port,
 Unerringly secure. Oh! learn of him
 To station quick-eyed *Prudence* at the helm,
 To guard your sail from passion's sudden blasts,
 And make firm *principle* your magnet guide,
 Which points for ever to the light of heaven.
 Farewell! Heaven smile propitious on thy course,
 And favoring breezes waft thee to the arms
 Of love paternal. Yea, more than this,
 Blest be thy passage o'er the troubled sea
 Of life—the clouds be few that intercept
 The light of joy, the waves roll gently on
 Beneath thy bark of hope, and bear thee safe
 In peace, to meet thy heavenly father—God!

STANZAS.

And wilt thy heart, through many a year
 Still dwell with constancy on mine,
 And teach it what to hope or fear,
 Till thou in truth canst call me thine?

Oh! bless'd be that kind heart the while
With ev'ry joy that life can show,
Sweet lady! I could never smile
To *think* that thou art whelm'd in woe.

Yet if perchance no joys arise,
To cheer thee on thy lonely way;
But gath'ring storms and cloudy skies
Dim ev'ry ling'ring, weary day.

Oh! let thy mem'ry fondly turn
Its lightsome way through seasons back;
My love for thee 'twill there discern,
As light that decks the meteor's track.

For this a radiant object showeth,
More constant far than fleeting wind;
It follows on where'er thou goeth,
And cannot, will not, stay behind.

Then will thy heart through many a year
Still dwell with constancy on mine,
And teach it what to hope or fear,
Till thou in truth canst call me thine.

Near Doneaster, Dec. 1820.

N.

MARIA.

A SONG, BY MISS MARY LEMAN REDE.

ONCE, Maria! once I thought,
Our hearts in unison were beating,
That every wish my breast had caught,
Thine own was tenderly repeating.

But, ah! too fatally I find,
When I am from Maria parted,
She'll rarely pause to look behind
On one she's leaving broken hearted.

But go, dear girl, if go you must,
Since cruel fate will thus bereave me,
But let me, let me fondly trust,
That it will grieve thy heart to leave me.

Give me at least a kind farewell—
 Give me at least a parting token—
 And that upon my breast shall dwell
 And heal the heart that fate has broken!

Marriages.

John Robertson, Esq. Ilchester, to Miss Anna Loaring, of Ilminster. W. N. Eldridge, Esq. of Antigua, to Miss Maria Bromehead, of Mornington Place, Hampstead Road. Charles John Baillie Hamilton, Esq. to the Right Hon. Lady Caroline Bertie. Thomas Parker Bainbridge, Esq. of Stafford, to Eliza, youngest daughter of Major Gen. Sir Dyson Marshall, K. C. B. At Holdam, Hants. the Rev. Stephen Davies to Miss Sarah Bentham. Mr. William Haining to Miss Janet Smith, both of Thornhill. At Craig, the Rev. W. Ramsey, to Miss Mary M'Nicholl. At Dublin, Edward Gilburn, Esq. to Miss Ellen Rogers, of Mountrath. At Kensington, the Rev. Dr. Brigan, son of the late Bishop of Sodor and Man, to Miss Mary Smelt. Mr. George Frederic Urling, of the Strand, to Miss Mary Reece.

Deaths.

At Exmouth, Major Gen. Charles Anriol, of Park-lane. Mr. Joseph Sabater, at Grenada. Mrs. Evans, of St. Olaves. Mrs. Temple, of Bedford Row. Warwick Lake, Esq. one of the Commissioners of the Stamp Office. James Hulkes, Esq. at his seat, Yovil Place. Mrs. Elizabeth Ghymes, of Woolwich. At Richmond, aged 90, Mr. Adam Walker, the late celebrated Lecturer on Experimental Philosophy. Mrs. Charlotte Barnet, of Wimpole-street. Mrs. Theed, of Hilton, Hants. Mrs. Sarah White, of College-street, Westminster. At Barbadoes, Captain Thomas Roberts, of the Royal Engineers. Mrs. Stephens, mother of Miss Stephens, of Covent Garden Theatre. Aged 105, at Bedminster, Mr. Giles Vickery. Donna Maria Brigidia de Fana Lacerda, wife of Sir John Campbell. Mrs. Butler, wife of Captain J. A. Butler. In Devonshire-street, Mrs. Bordmore.

NOTES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The following are received—The Essays of Miss M. L. R.—R. B—p,—J. Provan,—Crito,—Eliza,—D. P. D.—A. Campbell,—J. R.—Charles,—***,—Mysticus,—G. L.—S***,—Germanicus,—N. Windsor, and Clio,—The communications of Miss A. M. Porter,—of S—,—The Roses,—The Shepherd Boy,—Anecdote, by B,—On the Application of time, by B.—Verses, by Anacreon Moore,—and Verses, by Lord Strangford.

We are much pleased at again hearing from Genevieve. If this lady would favor us with her address, we should be glad to make some private communication to her.

The answer to B—, by Hannah, was very good, but not exactly what was required.

The Prize will be adjudged next month.



Painted by Naver.

Engraved by Woolneth.

Sarah Duchess of Marlborough.

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